ROSIE'S GOLDEN WEDDING

A GLIMPSE OF A WOMAN WHO IS POOR AND OLD AND ALONE BUT CONTENTED.

When Rosie and Patsy had been married for half a century the years passed so monotonously in their poverty that they clean forgot the golden wedding. Once it had been talked of often in anticipation, but that was before Patsy broke his leg and was no longer an able seamen, so that he had to go to the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, while Rosie lived on alone in two rooms down on Water street.

The neighbors had seen the old marriage certificate hanging framed over the kitchen stove many a time. All of a sudden one of them noticed the date, "St. James's Church, Dublin, Jan. 11, 1854." If that did not spell golden wedding then Water street had forgotten its traditions.

At first a fund was started to get Rosie a gold piece, but a German woman on the top floor thought she'd rather have a time made about her, so the party was arranged.

In a vacant flat upstairs piles of evergreen covered the nakedness of the empty rooms and a few shamrocks made of worn billiard table cloth stood in a vase on the window sill. Three kegs of lager lurked in a corner and there were sandwiches and cake and plum pudding for every one of the sixteen families in the building.

When they were all gathered and Patsy, bidden in from Staten Island, had been smuggled upstairs, cane, crutch and all, with great difficulty, the lady one flight up went for Rosie.

A VISIT FROM PATSY.

"Shure now, Rosie, put this on the front of yer," she said with a new apron in her hand, "and come up and see Mis' Maginnis's new baby."

"La, now, and has thot poor sowl another and her with sivin a'ready?" said Rosie. "Is't a bye?"

"Come up wid yer clatter and see."

So up went Rosie, all unsuspecting, with her hands wrapped in her new apron, and walked into the company and Patsy's arms.

The golden wedding party was a great success. Every one was happy before the three kegs were empty. Rosie and Patsy sat together and held each other's hands a good deal while Patsy told of his tight little berth at the Sailors' Snug Harbor. The doctor had allowed him two ounces of whiskey every morning for his asthma, and with enough tobacco to fill his pipe and the other old sailors to swap yarns with, he was as jovial an old man of 80 as ever came to New York from Dublin.

Rosie and Patsy have had much to do with the charity worker of late years. Rosie is still jolly and roly-poly and full of blarney and pious exclamations that some of her visitors call profanity.

She is a wonderful example of the thrift that makes ends meet in some mysterious but comfortable manner, though almost without resources. For years and years she has lived in two small rooms in the ground floor rear of a Water street tenement.

Her sight is nearly gone now, but from long habit she scrubs over stove and floor and chairs until not a speck of dirt shows. No one ever did see a speck of dirt near Rosie.

The only real resource she has is $5 a month from a grandson, which pays the rent. She brought him up after the death of his mother, her only daughter, and now that he is grown and in the navy he sends her regularly the money for the landlord.

But Rosie does little odd jobs about the halls and court, and helps in washings, so that when the rent money did not come for two months while the boy's ship was in the Far East, Rosie had saved enough to keep up her payments. She alone of all the tenants in the building has never been behind in her rent.

Just about the time the boy's money failed to come Rosie went sick all of a heap and for thirteen weeks never left her bed. Then it was that the neighborliness of tenement dwellers was shown and Rosie was nursed and fed and petted back to strength again "by thim all and two docthers and a prayst. And faith one day the docther, it's a swate lady docther from the hosp'tle beyant, says to me:

" 'Rosie,' sez she, 'you'd betther have the prayst.'

"Do ye mean it's dyin' I am?' sez I.

" 'Faith an' I fears it,' sez she.

" 'Thin,' sez I, 'docther,' sez I, 'I've made up me mind and I'll fool ye a bit there. If I sh'ld die who'd be afther cookin' Patsy his dish of tay whin he cooms up from the island next month?' sez I. 'An' up I gets an' puts in my teeth and eats my pertaties from that day to this. Pertaties be's great strengtheners."

Rosie's brogue is like honey on her tongue. It is as surely Irish as Rosie's chubby fat face and long lip, but not the brogue of the comedians. Her broad soft a's and rolling r's and hearty rich voice have the true roll of Dublin. The charity worker always thinks of Rosie's whole-souled syllables and quaint "fer the swate love of God, mum," in her tender moments.

After Rosie had put her teeth back and was well again the charity worker learned something of how she managed to ask for so little help. On a Saturday afternoon first one neighbor and then another dropped in and left a few potatoes or a ham bone or a loaf of fresh bread.

Each had found that she had just that much more than she needed for her hungry brood upstairs. This was the real charity that divides the loaf, thought the charity worker, who knew the poverty of these women.

Some time after this Joey, the grandson, became suddenly wealthy on his return to New York. He got $125 back pay for services in the Philippines.

The lad came home with it jingling in his pockets and poured it all in Rosie's apron. Rosie hugged him and wept and promised endless prayers for him and cooked him the finest supper ever laid out in Water street.

"And that's how I sit aisy by the fire o' nights and never worry at all, at all," said Rosie to the charity worker on her next visit.

The charity worker at once had a plan. With a little more money Rosie could be placed in a home for old women on Staten Island, so that she could see Patsy every day.

Rosie thought it over a while and decided that she couldn't leave the little home where she had lived so many years.

"It's the best thing for Patsy," she said. "He's a reg'lar owld, owld mon, and his face is all of a color and his lip hangs down like the cover on a broken tayket'l. But I couldn't go there and have a peart young nurse a-scrubbin' the floor and makin' my tay."

So the charity worker had her deposit the money and draw just enough each month to pay the rent. So much money as $125 would not have been safe in Rosie's generous fingers.

Rosie says that she will just go on the same way and when her time comes "the good God will sind some wan to me; and get the prayst and have Patsy over from the Island to howld me hand. I don't pray much now. Patsy prays all the time and takes a dale of comfort of it, but I'm too busy wid all I have to do and think about."

All the people in the tenement make a pet of Rosie and Rosie pets all the children. At any time of day or night they are trooping to her door to hear wonderful tales of her early days near Belfast—Belfast with

ROSIE.

an accent and a roll on the last syllable that leaves the first in doubt.

Sure it was there she lived when the good Quane, God rest her, made her first visit to Dublin. Rosie's own sister saw her, but Rosie was a young thing and afraid to go to the city.

But she saw something far better, the children think. For whisht, hard by Belfast there is a green, and it's the only county in all Ireland where three saints lie buried.

Now on St. Patrick's grave, in the green, on midsummer night, water flows all over the green just at midnight. The people all bathe in it, and the cripples come out well, and no one knows where it comes from or where it goes, but in the morning it is all gone, and the green as dry as Water street of an August day.

To go there of a midsummer night is the prayer on lame Patsy's lips, and the dream in Rosie's dim eyes. To bathe in that water of a midsummer night would cure Patsy's leg and give Rosie back her sight, "By the grace of the swate God and St. Patrick. Now that's the Goshpil truth, childer."

Stranger things have happened near Belfast. Why, it was Rosie's own sister whose husband was thought dead at sea, and what with grieving and praying and listening at the door for him the poor creature went clean daft.

Then the parish priest came in with a little locket, and in it a bit of the good St. Joseph's heart. He rubbed it on the sister's head and she was well that day, and the next day her husband walked in alive and well.

And more than that. Long years after, right here in New York, before she died, poor soul, she had a run of fever for twenty-one days. But never a bit of headache had she with it. St. Joseph's kind heart would cure the worst pain the devil ever put in a poor woman's head.

Strangest of all was the bell which tolled in the old abbey ruins whenever a man died in a certain great family close by Belfast. One did die while Rosie lived there, and she was very vexit because her mother would not let her go to the wake.

But she was a good girl, and stayed home, so her mother let her go to the funeral. And just as they passed the abbey ruins, where never a bell had hung or even a belfry stood for over a hundred years, a great tolling came right out in broad day. And all the mourners heard it and ran away and left the coffin with the dead gentleman in it to lie in the road until some had been shrived and plucked up courage and carried it to the grave. Rosie heard the bell herself.

Rosie has seen many ghosts. Not the story book kind in white sheets, but the real spirits of people she has known.

Once Mrs. Flannigan, two up back, lost both her boys in one week with the fever. Fine looking, clean young lads they were. One was the best looking boy in the block, though he wore glasses. But they were gold-rimmed glasses.

Well, Rosie went to the funeral. And after the coffin was nailed up she had a funny feeling all over her, a sort of shivering, and for the life of her she couldn't help looking over her shoulder.

"Shure, it's a ghowst. The poor bye's done some harm and can't go to heaven yit," she thought.

Sure enough. The boy stepped right out through the coffin lid and walked through the door and never opened it.

Rosie was very tired that night from scrubbing the floor, having the bed taken down for the better comfort. When it came bedtime instead of putting it up again she and Patsy just threw the ticks on the floor and slept there.

Before she was more than half asleep she heard two voices. One said to frighten the old woman, but the other said, and he was Mrs. Flannigan's boy: "I like Rosie too much to make her scairt, but I'll just tickle her a bit and wake her up."

And sure enough, something touched her in the side and tickled her so that her whole side and her leg twitched for an hour, like a frog on a spear.

Patsy heard the voices, too, she was sure, but being a man he wouldn't let on to it. When it came morning, though, he said:

"Rosie, we'll put up the bed to-night. I'm thinkin' we're right acrost somewan's path whin we slape on the floor."

About that time the shadows grow pretty dark in the little room and the children are ready to go home. The tolling of the abbey bell is the real climax of the story telling, and the story of how Micky Flannigan, whom they all remember, came back to tickle Rosie, is very creepy, indeed.

So they all go home and Rosie refreshes herself with a cup from the battered old teapot which is never empty and never leaves the stove. In Belfast it stood on an open hearth, but in Water street it crowns a stove left by the charity worker.

Four weeks Rosie lives alone and then for two weeks Patsy is with her, their life narrowed down to their worn routine after its early days of good cheer and Irish joviality when Patsy was still an able seaman and bunked before the mast instead of in the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

"THANK GOD FOR GOOD TAY AND ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE IN THE WORLD."

While he is away Rosie scrubs a little, washes a little, drinks her tea and gossips with the neighbors and with the charity worker, who calls often. When Patsy comes laboring in on his crutch and his cane and his bad leg she patiently waits on him.

Patsy's blood is very thin and Rosie warms him up of a morning with hot rags on his feet, a hot cap on his bald old head and hot tea for his worn-out old stomach. Rosie is brisk and housewifely at 80, while Patsy at 81 is a broken old man who mumbles to himself by the fire and falls asleep while you talk to him. That does not keep down his joviality at times, though, and he still has great tales to tell of the sea.

"He's not long to shtay," says Rosie. "When Patsy's gone it's a lazy owld woman I'll be. There's many been good to us and we've thried to make the best av things.

"Thank God for good tay and fer all the good people in the world. I'm thankful to have lived so long and done so little harm.

"We've two great-grandchilder now, a bye and a gurl—as foine as pair as iver I saw. Look loike me? Thank God they don't. I'm a plain owld woman, but they look loike Patsy, and whin Patsy was young he was a mon an' a half."

PRINCETON FOR LITERATURE.

SETS UP AUTHORS AGAINST YALE'S GOVERNORS

And Harvard's Diplomats—A List of Writers Intended to Prove That the New Jersey University Is Entitled to Not Less Fame in Her Field Than Her Sister Colleges in Their Special Provinces.

PRINCETON, Jan. 23.—THE SUN has printed articles recently showing that Yale has furnished the Governors of all the colonies of the United States, while Harvard graduates have been attending to a large part of the diplomatic business of Uncle Sam. If, however, Yale can boast of the success of her graduates in governing colonies and Harvard can expatiate on her diplomats abroad, Princeton can carry off the palm in contemporary American literature.

Beginning right here in Princeton, there is President Woodrow Wilson of the class of 1879, whose books, "The State," "A History of the American People," &c., are standard works. Here, too, is Dr. Henry Van Dyke, class of '73, whose "Ruling Passion," "The Blue Flower" and "Fisherman's Luck" are well known. Dr. Van Dyke is also the author of an "Ode to Music," which appeared recently in a New York magazine and which the president of one of the large Eastern colleges has called one of the best pieces of verse done in America in the last hundred years.

In Princeton, also, is Walter Wykoff, class of '88, whose book "The Workers" brought him fame four years ago. Here, too, is Jesse Lynch Williams, '92, author of the little book entitled "New York Sketches," which was one of the good sellers among the recent Christmas publications.

Besides these men, there are Prof. A. T. Ormond, '77, of the department of philosophy; Prof. J. M. Baldwin, '84, recently the head of the department of psychology here, but now in Johns Hopkins University, and W. M. Daniels, '88, professor of political economy, all of whom have written books on their special subjects which have attained international reputation.

Foremost among the graduate writers who are not now living in Princeton is Booth Tarkington, '93, author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Two Vanrevels," &c. Another well known writer graduated from Princeton is David Graham Phillips, '87, author of "Her Serene Highness" and several other stories. Van Tassel Sutphen, author of "The Cardinal's Rose," "The Nineteenth Hole," &c., was a member of the class of 1882, while Vance Thompson, whose books on art have had success, was graduated with the class of 1883.

In the class of '81 was Edwin Asa Dix, whose books "Old Bowen's Legacy" and "A Midsummer's Drive Through the Pyrenees" have had popular favor. Thus, beginning with the year 1881, Princeton each year for three years graduated an author who gained national reputation.

Bliss Perry, '96, is also a son of Princeton, as is Walter Lowrie, '90, whose "Monuments of the Early Church" is well known in church circles at least. B. E. Stevenson, '94, is still another whose books "At War With the Regent" and "A Soldier of Virginia" have found popular favor.

F. Berkeley Smith, whose books on Parisian life are becoming widely known, is a member of the class of 1901. Mark H. Liddle, '87, Paul Griswold Huston, '95, and Post Wheeler, '91, are a few other Princeton men who are winning places for themselves in American prose and verse.

HIS START IN LIFE.

How One Man Got the Money He Needed to Put Him in the Way of Prosperity.

"My start in life?" said a man who is now very prosperous. "Why, it was very simple.

"Fourteen years ago I was keeping a little restaurant, or rather a sort of a lunch place like, in a little town on the California coast. There was a business opportunity in that town that I could have jumped into in a minute if I had had the ready cash—not a very great sum needed, either—but I hadn't the money, and I couldn't raise it.

"One day the door of my little lunch place was pushed open, and in walked a tall, big, famished looking man, marching at the head of eleven other men looking just like him. This man at the head looked around at the place and said:

" 'How much will you take for everything you've got?'

"And right off the bat, involuntarily, I named the amount I wanted to put into that business; four times what all my stock, and fixtures, too, were worth, and never dreaming of his taking it—but:

" 'We'll take it,' said the big man, and the other eleven turned in a minute and would have jumped on the eatables on the spot, but:

" 'Hold on!' says the big man. 'Wait till we tend to business,' and he collected up the money from the rest of them and paid it over. And then——

"Well, when they had got through there was nothing left but the chairs and the tables and the dishes. I never saw a restaurant cleaned out so completely. I never saw men with such appetites; and I've seen some hungry men.

"It was a shipwrecked crew of twelve men, who had been twelve days in an open boat without food, and my place, down on the waterfront, was the first eating place they struck after they made land.

"Sailors don't usually have money, but they had it somehow, and they were glad to pay the price. So I locked my doors the minute they had got away and closed on that waiting chance; and it came out all right."

"Humph!" said the prosperous man's questioner, "do you know of any other place on the California coast where I could open a lunch place like that, where shipwrecked crews with money would be likely to come ashore?"

HE FORGOT HIS CRAVAT.

But Speaker Cannon Wore Two Collars to the Capitol.

From the Washington Post.

Speaker Cannon entered his private office the other morning much preoccupied. Neal, the colored messenger of a succession of Speakers, noticed there was something lacking in Mr. Cannon's attire. The cravat was missing.

In fact, the Speaker had come all the way from his residence to the Capitol without one. He was worried by the discovery. Just a few minutes before he had come from the barbershop, where he had made another discovery, which he has not yet been able to fully explain.

As he was about to take his seat in the tonsorial artist's chair, it was suggested to him that he would do well to remove his collar. Then Mr. Cannon pinched himself to ascertain whether he was asleep or waking.

"I thought I had just removed that collar," said he, and he went to the hook on the wall and satisfied his old eyes that he had. There was the particular piece of linen suspended. But he could not dispute there was another collar still around his neck and he removed it to the same hook.

Mr. Cannon had come to the Capitol wearing two collars but no cravat. How he got them on the Speaker does not know, but it was done somehow in a fit of abstraction.

Increased Allowance for Dress.

From the Ladies' Field.

Dress, like everything else in these days, has completely altered, and the standard of dress likewise. What was considered suitable and becoming twenty years ago would be obsolete and impossible to-day. Thirty years ago five or six hundred a year was a good allowance for a married woman who went much into society. Nowadays it would hardly pay for her petticoats, gloves, shoes and boots.

ON A ROCK IN THE PACIFIC.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY BY A NORWEGIAN TRADER.

A Curious Race of People Seen by a White Man for the Second Time in a Century—Dense Population of a Little Island—These People Are Great Talkers.

The time of great discoveries in the Pacific has gone and the work of the geographer at present is directed to studying in detail many islands that are still little known.

A few islands had not even been visited by white men till recently, though they were known to be inhabited. A German warship recently dropped anchor at one of them, and what was learned about the inhabitants has interested ethnologists.

This is the island of St. Matthias in the Bismarck Archipelago. It is north of the large island of New Mecklenburg, which long bore the name of New Ireland, given to it by British explorers. It was discovered by William Dampier, 204 years ago, but it has now been visited for the first time by the German warship Seeadler.

It was found that the inhabitants have a knowledge of weaving, and their product compares favorably with the best specimens of cloth made by the Caroline islanders. They are of Melanesian origin, and they are the only people of Melanesia who are known to practise the art of clothmaking. This discovery has naturally aroused much interest in St. Matthias.

A still more interesting discovery was made about the same time and in a neighboring region by a Norwegian sea captain named Axel Monrad, who for years has been in the copra trade. He buys cocoanut in the Bismarck Archipelago and takes them to the little island of Greenwich, about sixty miles north of the equator, where his firm prepares the copra.

One morning, while on his way to Greenwich, he sighted a small island which he had never seen before. It was a little over a mile long and about half a mile wide.

Its surface is quite flat and covered with forest; the coasts are surrounded by coral rock. As well as he could determine, the island is situated in 1° 31′ south latitude and 150° 28′ east longitude.

Capt. Monrad did not land, but he remained near the coast for about a day. He says the little rock must have quite a dense population. At least twenty-five canoes with outriggers, and holding from two to six men, pushed out from the shore and came fearlessly alongside his vessel.

The men appeared to belong to the Melanesian race, but were lighter in color than the natives of the groups to the north and south of them. A number of them had long thin beards, and all of them were perfectly nude.

There was not a single weapon among them, and they brought nothing in their boats. Even their paddles, which are often elaborately carved by Pacific islanders, were hardly more than flat pieces of wood.

They were perfectly fearless and evidently did not dream that they might be badly treated. It was evident that none of the old slave hunters of the Pacific, who forced so many natives from their homes to wear out their lives on the plantations of other islands, had ever paid them a visit.

The captain had an eye out for trade, but nothing he showed them seemed to excite any curiosity or interest. Twice he fired his revolver, and those who were on the deck of his vessel instantly sprang into the sea, but clambered back again with shouts of laughter when they found that the terrible noise did them no harm.

The noise they made by their incessant chattering at the top of their voices was very tiresome. The captain could not make himself heard above the din, and the constant screaming of the natives, hour after hour, made him nearly ill. In his black crew were natives from several island groups, but none of them could understand the language of the visitors.

The captain could see on shore only a few cocoanut palms, and how the little island gives support to so many inhabitants is a mystery to him. He saw no women, and they were evidently careful to keep out of view.

Capt. Monrad told this story to the officers of the Seeadler a few days after he visited this unknown people. The officers were of the opinion that he had discovered a new island in the Pacific. It was not until their return to Germany that they found that his careful description of the island and its position identified it with a little coral island discovered by Lieuts. King and Ball in 1790 and seen later at a distance by Robert Hunter.

It lies about forty-five miles to the northeast of St. Matthias and is not in sight along any of the routes usually followed by vessels in those waters. King and Ball gave meagre information about the people who inhabited the island, and their story had been entirely forgotten.

So these islanders have lived for over a century as isolated from the rest of the world as they were before their little island was discovered from the deck of a passing brig.

The Seeadler reports that a large area of the waters in this region has been very imperfectly explored. One large island which has been shown on the charts for many years could not be found, though the vessel visited the place where it was reported to be situated.

FOR PURPOSES OF ECONOMY.

An Instance in Which a Theory Failed of a Satisfactory Result.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Somebody told him that two could live cheaper than one, and his salary of $10 a week was so small that it seemed a long time between pay days. So, as a matter of economy, he got married.

He had the good luck to get a smart girl for a wife who had literary ambitions. At the end of the first three months they were in debt to everybody who would trust them, and they held a consultation as to whether it would be wiser to go into bankruptcy or move over to Jersey. Economy and retrenchment were discussed at every meal, but in practice they went from bad to worse, and the young husband began to lose color and have a worn and anxious look.

One evening he came home with a bundle under his arms, his head held high, his step buoyant and a gleam of triumph in his eye. His wife was glad to see him thus, and made certain that he had at last got the raise in salary for which both had been hoping. She set the evening meal before him and waited for him to say something. But, man like, he kept her waiting. At last, when she could stand it no longer, she asked him:

"What is it, George?"

"I've found out how to live on ten a week."

"Have you?"

"Sure!"

"Tell me."

"It's all in this book," said he, taking up the package, "'Practical Household Economy.' We'll spend the evening reading it."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"Seven dollars—$1 down and 50 cents a week. I know it's steep, but if it shows us how to live, why, it'll be cheap."

"Where did you get it?"

"Book agent—came to the office to-day—all the boys bought one. You don't seem to think it's much of a bargain."

"Well, no, I don't think we're built the right way for economy. That book agent was here and sold me one, too!"

A Calamity in Missouri.

From the Macon (Mo.) News.

A citizen of Shelbyville who is building a house is deserving of the sympathy of his friends. When the outside work was done and the lathing and plastering was under way he incautiously placed a half pint of excellent whiskey on a support next to the weatherboarding. He was called away for half a day, and when he returned he found the lathing and plastering had gone up around the bottle and there was no way on earth of getting it except by tearing the house down on that side. The shiftless workmen, who are responsible for the blunder, were discharged, and the householder is trying to fish out his bottle from above by dropping a cord, with a slip noose on the end, after the treasure. At last accounts he was still fishing.

THROUGH AN ACT OF JAY GOULD

THE MAKING OF MANY RAILROAD PRESIDENTS FROM ERIE MEN.

Hugh Riddle, Who Directed Rock Island Policies; Benj. Thomas, Frank S. Gannon and Some More Who Owe Their Start to Mr. Gould's Backing of a Telegraph Operator Who Had Served Him Well—One of Them an Ex-Mayor.

"The appointment of W. H. Bancroft, president of the Oregon Short Line, as general manager of the Union Pacific," said an old-time railroad official, "is one culmination of an incident that occurred during the Gould management of the Erie. That incident resulted in the making of the fame and fortune of more than one railroad man to whom the opportunity might otherwise not have come.

"In 1869 Hugh Riddle was general superintendent of the Erie railroad. W. H. Bancroft was a telegraph operator in the Erie office at Port Jervis. He had been there since 1861. C. W. Douglas was superintendent of the Delaware division of the Erie, under Riddle. Jay Gould had come into control of the company the year before, and through him a telegraph operator named D. H. Conklin was made assistant train despatcher for the Delaware division. In the spring of 1869 Supt. Douglas dismissed Conklin for what he considered good cause. Conklin appealed to Jay Gould to be reinstated.

"Ten years or so before that, when Gould had his bitter fight with the heirs of Charles M. Leup to retain possession of the tannery property at Gouldsboro, Pa., Conklin was a telegraph operator in the employ of the then new Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, stationed at Gouldsboro. He kept Gould advised as to the movements of his tannery opponents, to Gould's great advantage. Gould did not forget the service, and when he came into control of the Erie one of the first things he did was to have Conklin appointed assistant despatcher at Port Jervis.

"When Conklin appealed to Gould, therefore, in the matter of his dismissal by Supt. Douglas, Gould ordered the latter to reinstate him. Douglas declined to do so. Gould said that he must or resign his office. Douglas said he would resign. Gould then sent for General Superintendent Riddle and ordered him to reinstate Conklin. The general superintendent declared that he must stand by his subordinate in the matter, and refused to reinstate the dismissed employee. Then Gould demanded the resignations of both Riddle and Douglas, which were handed in then and there, although both officials up to that moment had been close in the councils of the new Erie magnate. Gould immediately put Conklin back in his place.

"The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific had some time before this offered the general superintendency of its big system to Hugh Riddle, and he had declined to accept it. After he resigned from the Erie the offer was renewed, and he accepted it. His career in that company—how he rose in a few years to be the president of the company and absolute dictator of the Rock Island's policies, in the very front rank of great transportation managers—is well known railroad history. He died not so long ago, worth more than a million.

"Several old Erie employees followed Hugh Riddle to the West. Among them, W. H. Bancroft, the telegraph operator at Port Jervis. Circumstances and opportunity in Western railroading developed in him a genius for railroading that in time pushed him to the front, until now he is in supreme control of the operating department of the great Union Pacific system, as well as president and general manager of the Oregon Short Line system—and all because Jay Gould thirty-five years ago insisted in standing by his friend, whether he was right or wrong.

"And a great deal more came of that, too. The resignations of Supts. Riddle and Douglas necessarily made other official changes in the Erie management. One of them was the making of a train despatcher for the Delaware division in the person of Benjamin Thomas, an operator at Port Jervis. He developed ability so steadily that within a few years he became general manager of the entire Erie system. The reputation he made in that place won him the presidency and general managership of the Chicago and Western Indiana Railroad and the Belt Railroad of Chicago, and he is rated as among Chicago's wealthiest citizens.

"When Ben Thomas was train despatcher at Port Jervis he found a boy of 18 or 19 working as engine wiper in the roundhouse at that place—about the humblest place there is in a railroad's employ. Thomas declared that there was the making of a good railroad man in the boy, but he was the only one who thought so. At any rate, he took the lad out of the roundhouse and set him to work learning to be a telegraph operator. He soon became expert and—well, the boy was Frank S. Gannon, who a few months ago resigned as third vice-president and general manager of the Southern Railroad system.

"When Ben Thomas was promoted from train despatcher to division superintendent his assistant, W. J. Murphy, was made train despatcher. He followed Thomas in promotion until he himself was general superintendent of the Erie. He is the same W. J. Murphy who is now president and general manager of the Queen and Crescent Railroad system. D. H. Conklin, by the way, whose dismissal by Division Superintendent Douglas in 1869 led directly and indirectly to all these strange fortunes, went out of the Erie service with the downfall of Gould in 1872, and himself went West, where he also became a railroad president and receiver and became rich. He is living in retirement now at Decatur, Ill., of which city he is an ex-Mayor."

Sleeps Under Confederate Flag.

Raleigh Letter in Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

There is not in all North Carolina a more ardent ex-Confederate than Dr. James G. Ramsey of Seaboard, Northampton county. He has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, but he still sticks to the "Stars and Bars." He was here this week to attend the meeting of the directors of the Oxford Orphan Asylum, and was met in company with Col. Thomas S. Kenan and Mr. John D. Drewry, who spoke of him as the most ardent ex-Confederate on earth, who slept under a Confederate flag, and also had one over his front door, to which all visitors took off their hats. Dr. Ramsey said that this was a fact, and that the flags had been there at least fifteen years; one of them tied to a post of his bed over his head, and the other arranged over the front door. Not long ago a visitor from the North came to see the doctor, and of course took off his hat on entering. The doctor told him, with a smile, that he was bowing to the flag, and not to the house itself, which amused the visitor greatly. Dr. Ramsey said that he wants to be buried wrapped in the folds of his beloved flag.

Men, Women and the Mirror.

From the Boston Transcript.

Statistics of inconsequence are frequently interesting. The latest published in this class come from a person who took to studying for a few weeks the folk who eyed themselves in a certain elevator having two sides freely set with mirrors. His first attempt was to decide whether more women than men patronized the looking glass, during which he learned, perhaps to his surprise, that the patrons were equally divided between the sexes. Next he fell to studying the object of each sex in this contemplation of self, with the result that he opined that men peered into the mirror for the sole purpose of seeing and approving themselves, while with women there seemed to be a desire to be sure that their hats were tipped at the right angle and that the numerous bows affected now by the fair sex were all in the place dictated by custom. Thus it seems to be established that vanity alone prompted the men to look, while a commendable wish to be "set right" animated the women.

Wages of Railroad Men in England.

From the Baltimore Herald.

Seventy per cent. of English railway employees get less than $6 a week of fifty-six hours, and 40 per cent. get less than $5 a week. Day laborers on American railways are paid almost double these wages.

MONEY SIDE OF ZERO WEATHER

NEW YORK'S EXPENSES GO UP AS THE MERCURY GOES DOWN.

The Increase During the Recent Cold Snap Put at Several Millions of Dollars—The Pecuniary Effect Felt in Many Ways Besides the Cost of Extra Fuel.

Every time the mercury hangs about zero for three or four days, the expenses of New York are increased by millions of dollars.

Public and domestic economy in this latitude is adjusted for a winter temperature of somewhere between twenty and thirty-five degrees. If the ordinary expenditures of the people of this city are estimated at about $3,500,000 normally a day, the increased cost of living in extremely cold weather is probably more than half a million dollars a day. In addition to this, there is an enormous loss from the incapacity of thousands to work at all or to do their accustomed full day's work.

The increased cost of food alone is enormous with a fall of twenty or twenty-five degrees below the ordinary winter temperature. The most expensive foods are then consumed in increased quantities, and hundreds of thousands increase their consumption of alcoholic drinks under the false impression that they thus keep warm.

The consumption of fuel in zero weather is increased somewhere between 25 and 40 per cent. To the ordinary householder who heats his own house it may be increased 50 or 75 per cent. Lone houses in the suburbs increase their fuel consumption in very cold weather by nearly 100 per cent.

It is impossible to estimate the wear and tear of extra clothing in cold weather, but with all the hundreds of thousands who cannot stay in doors at such times the item aggregates a large sum.

The increased cost of local transportation, whether the power be steam, electricity or just mere horses, is a very important item. The fuel necessary to generate increased power of one sort or another is one element of this cost. Horses must be better fed with the most expensive kind of provender, and the wear and tear of rolling stock is greatly increased.

New York's bill of repairs for the two recent cold snaps must be greatly beyond the normal. Plumbing repair bills alone have probably exceeded those of the three summer months.

The waste of water alone is another considerable item. Doctors' bills are trebled and quadrupled for thousands. Even the item of domestic breakage is considerably increased in cold weather, and there is a large loss from damage to perishable food.

If losses of income, of production and from breakage and damage of various kinds be considered along with increased cost of living the seven or eight days of extremely cold weather in January must have cost New York almost as many millions, and if the loss on sales caused by the lessened stream of buyers from the country be considered the bill will be enormously increased.

Food of the Natives in India.

From the Boston Transcript.

The woman who goes as a missionary to India must expect to put up with strange fare. Miss Mattie Burgess, a missionary just returned from that country, says: During the last year of our stay in India we had beef only once, mutton twice and fish about eight times. Chickens are so common we got tired of them. In fact, chicken is about the only kind of meat to be had. The natives are vegetarians and seldom eat meat of any kind. A butcher came to our city once a week and brought goat meat, the only kind to be had. The natives eat either rice or bread made from wheat or a grain peculiar to the country. In the grain districts they have bread. It is a two-meal-a-day country. The rich people live well and have dainties, but the poor live on rice and vegetables. Neither knives nor forks are used.